

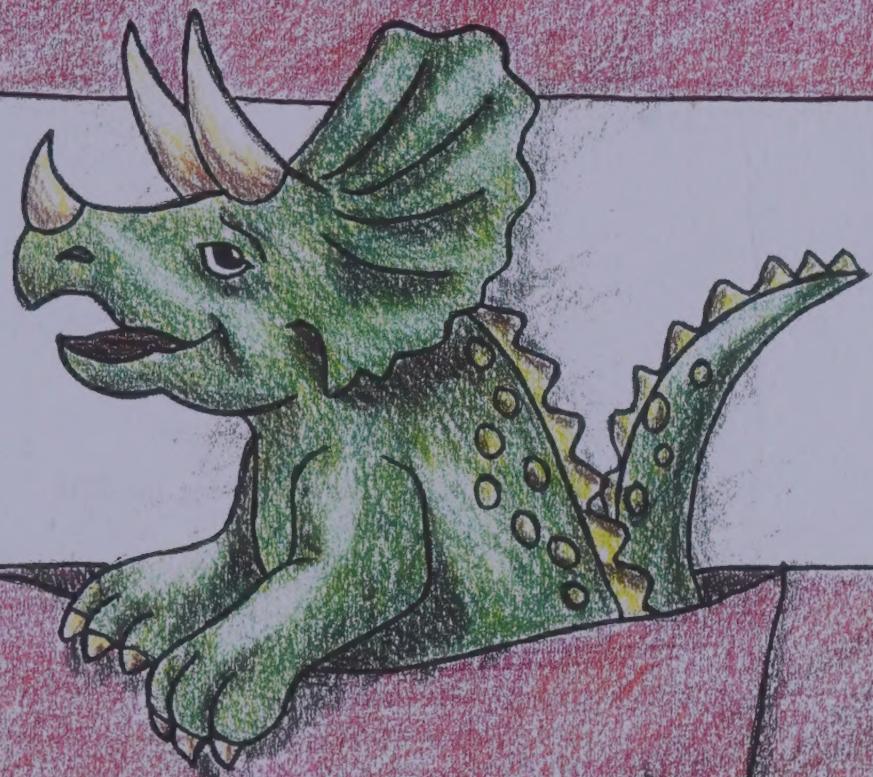
THE PET IN MY POCKET



Written by Anne Marie Kiel

Illustrated by Mary Elizabeth Silva

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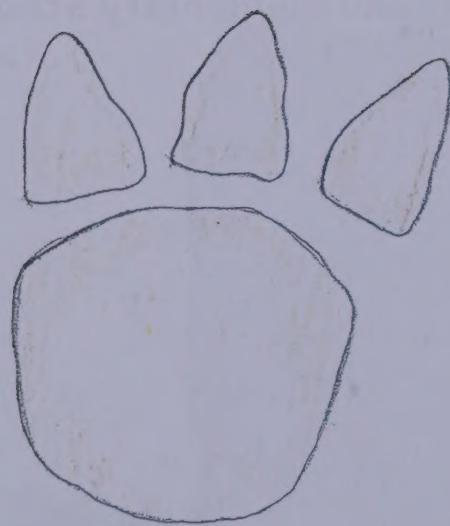
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For my sons Adam and Todd.

—A.M.K.



For Shawn and Beth Ann.

—M.B.

**"Another day of reading, math, and science,"
grumbled Kurt, as he slowly walked to the bus stop.**

**Kurt was in the third grade at Rogers
Road Elementary School.**



"At least today is art class," thought Kurt to himself as he arrived at school.

Besides recess and lunch, art was Kurt's favorite subject.

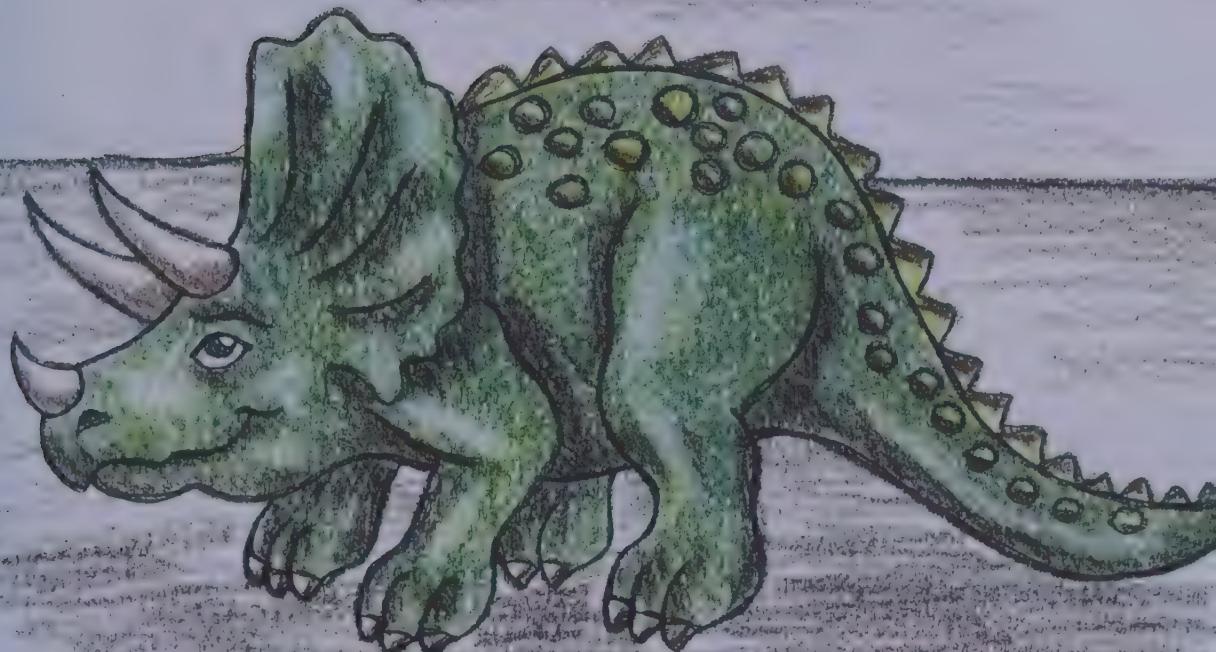
The lesson taught by Mrs. McEnry today was about glazing the clay projects the class had made the previous weeks.



**Kurt's dinosaur statue looked like
a miniature Triceratops.**

**In fact, it was so well done that Dudley, a name
Kurt had given his dinosaur, looked real.**

**"Wouldn't it be great if Dudley
was alive," thought Kurt.**

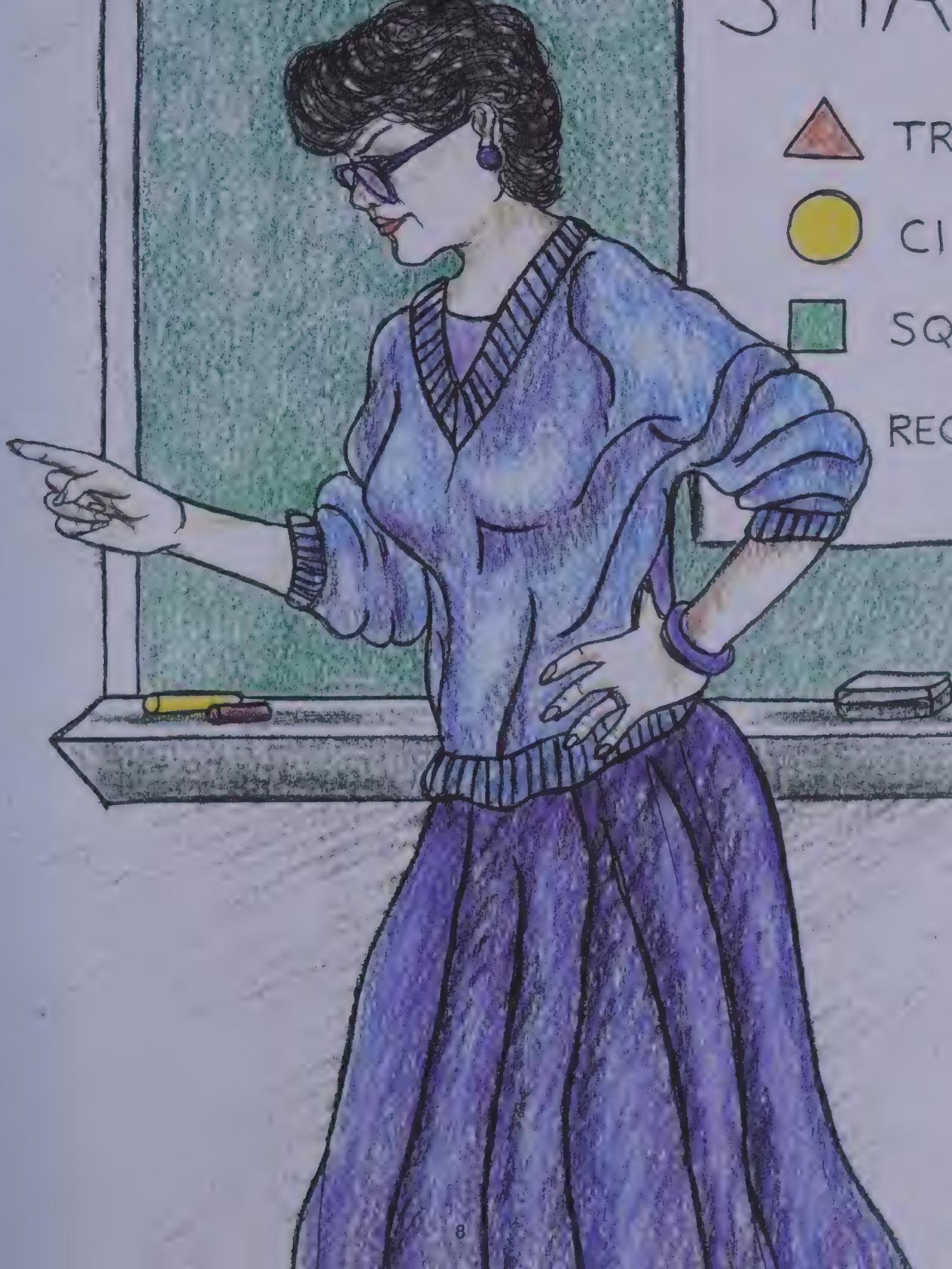


"Please pay attention, Kurt!" said Mrs. McEnry, but Kurt did not hear his teacher because he couldn't believe his eyes.

"He moved! I think he moved. No, it couldn't be."

Rubbing his eyes, Kurt once again stared at his statue.





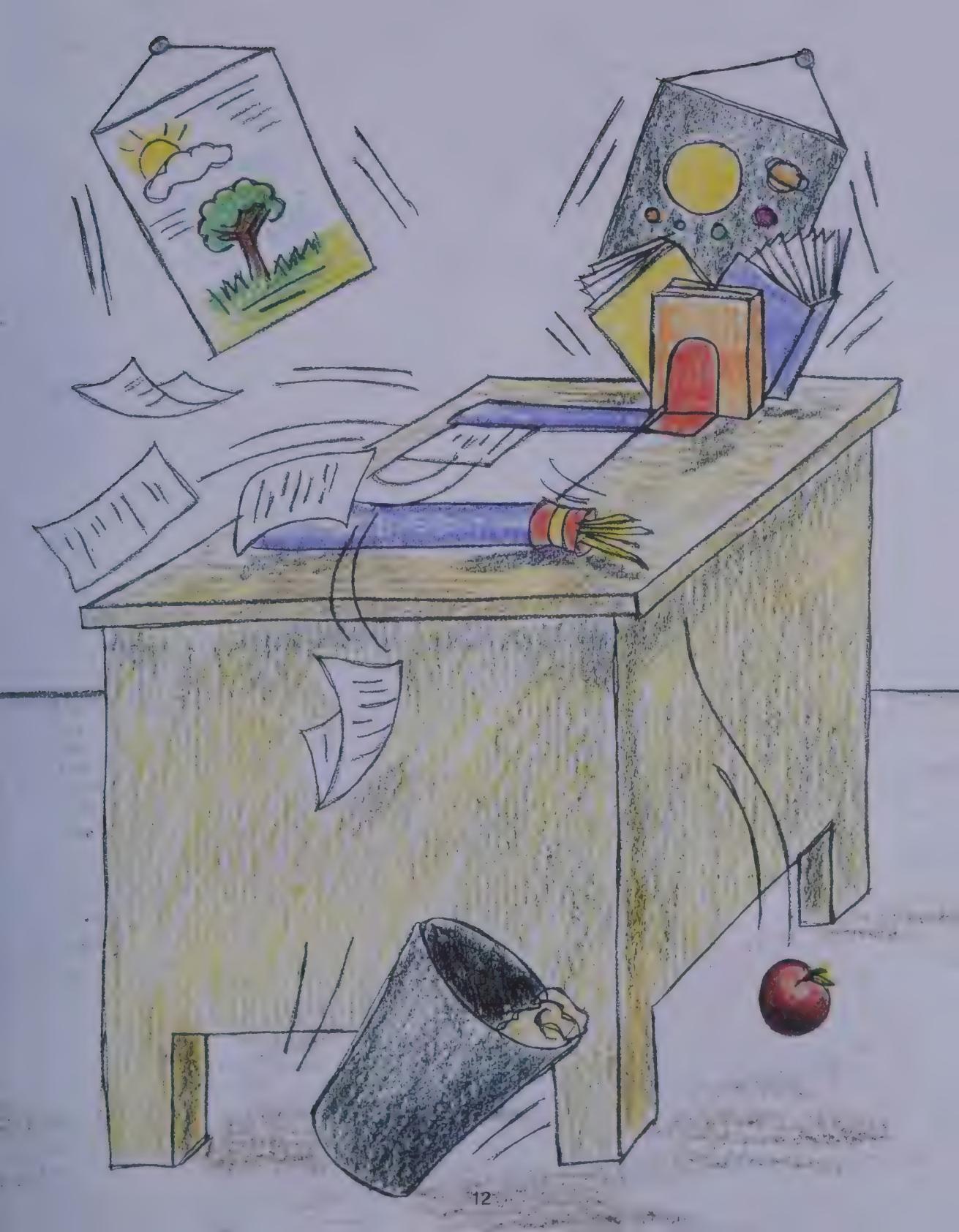
**Being no bigger than six inches,
Dudley, the Triceratops, began
to stretch, and to yawn, and slowly
walk to the edge of the desk.**

**Before Kurt could do anything, the
dinosaur let out a roar; not too loud at
first, but it kept on building until the
windows of the room began to shake.**



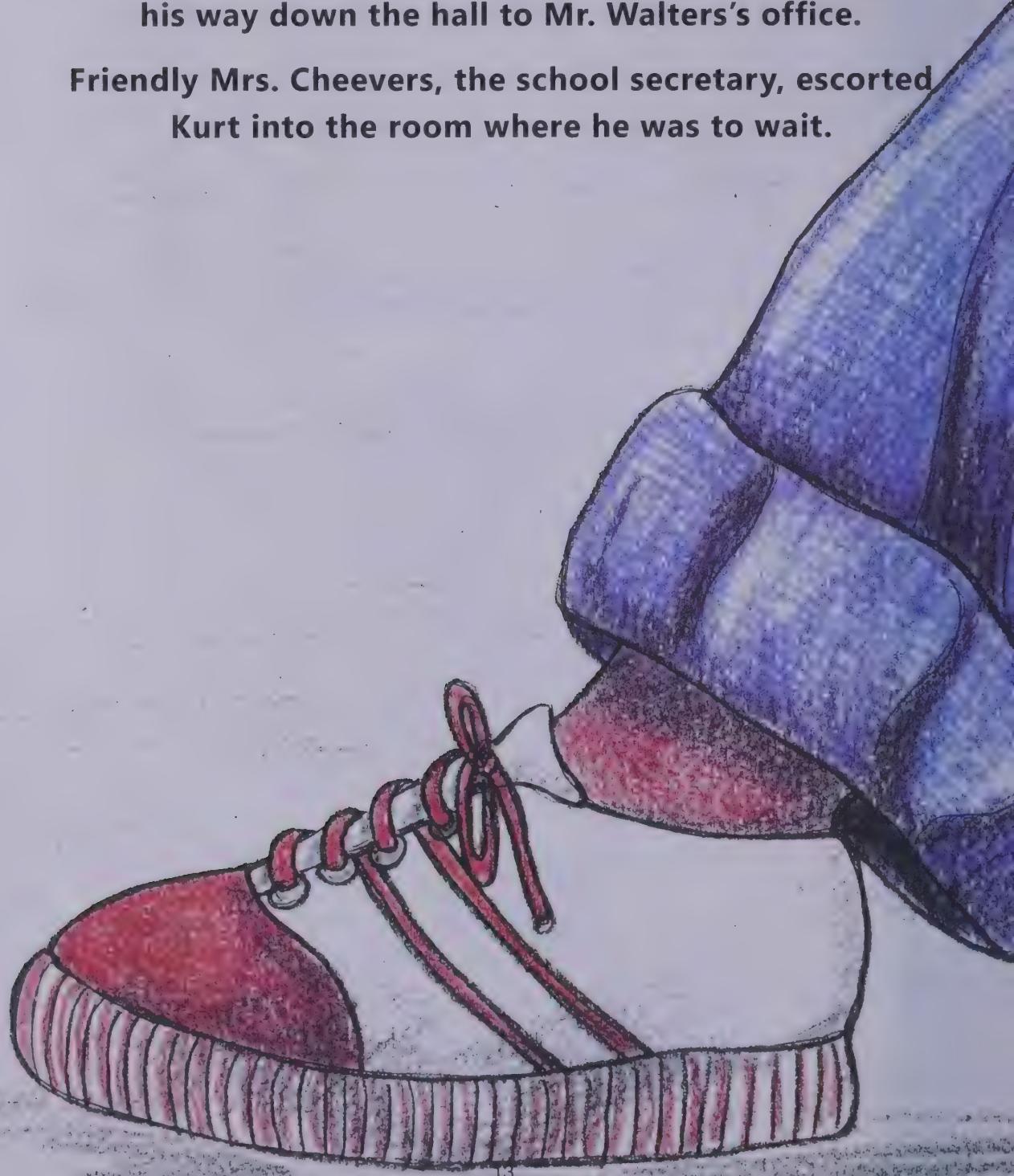
"Kurt!" yelled Mrs. McEnry, who had fallen off her chair in fright. "March yourself down to Mr. Walters's office. He will know what to do with you."

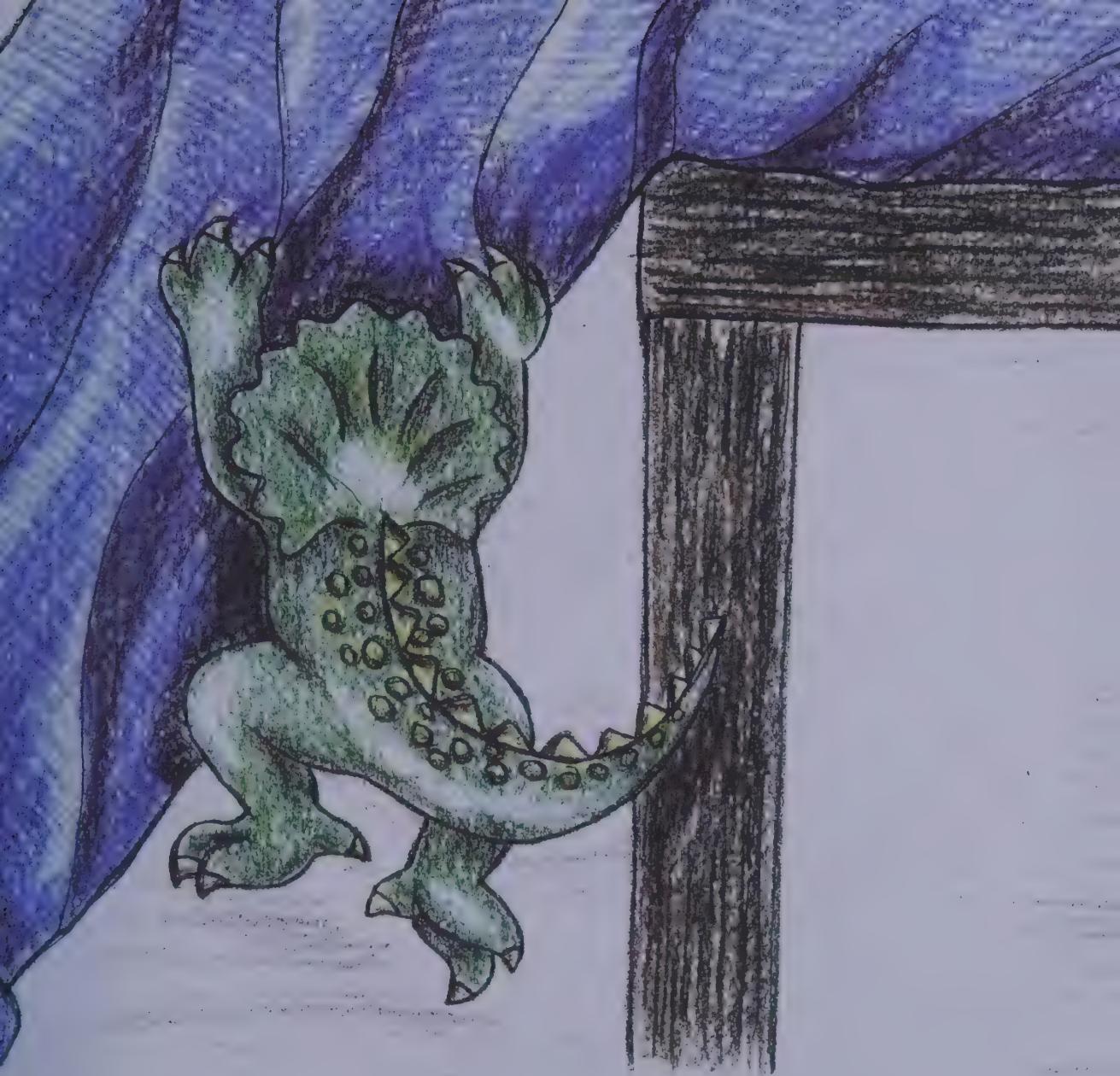




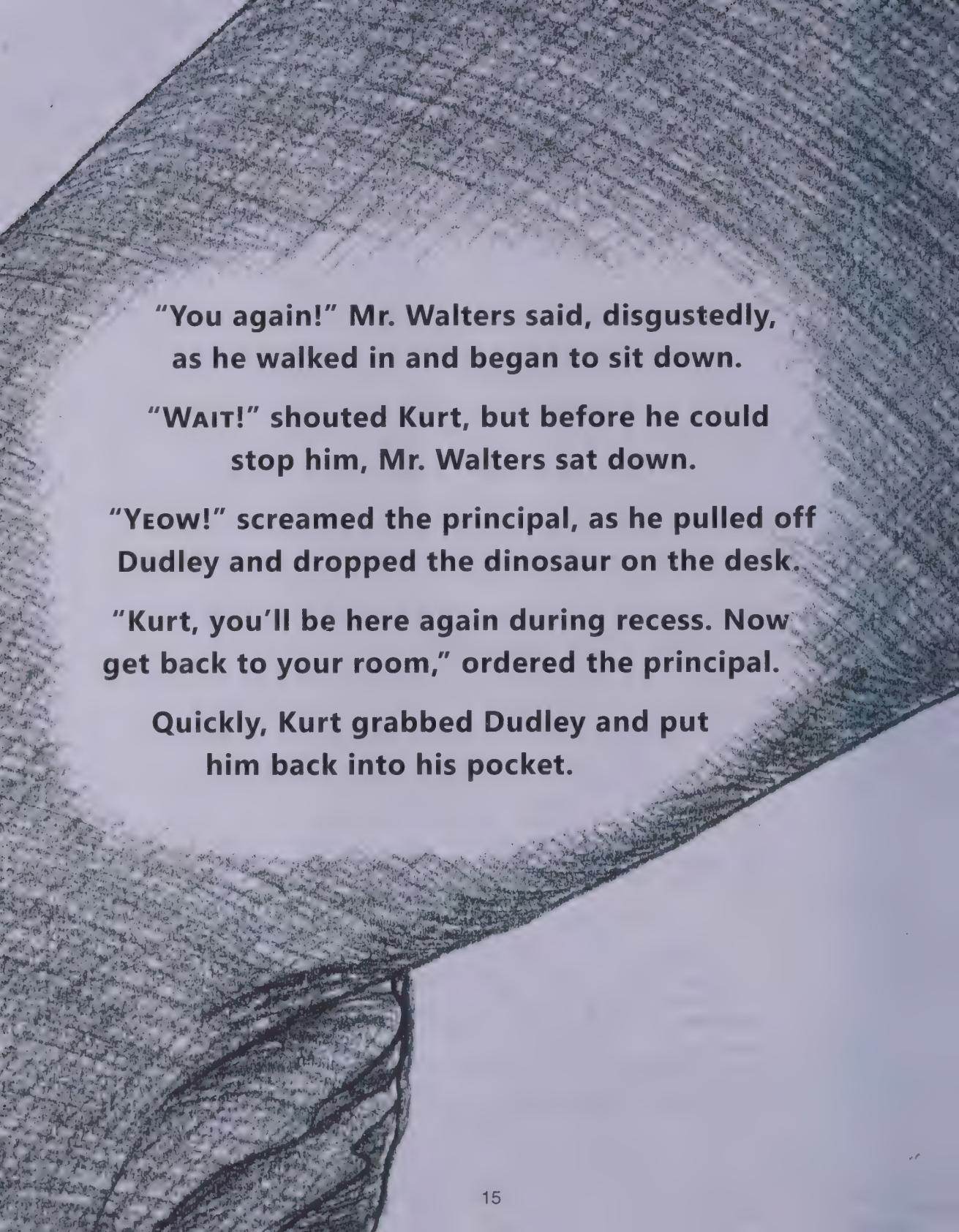
**Scooping up Dudley and dropping him in his pocket,
Kurt mumbled, "I'm in for it now," as he shuffled
his way down the hall to Mr. Walters's office.**

**Friendly Mrs. Cheevers, the school secretary, escorted
Kurt into the room where he was to wait.**





While sitting in the chair, a seat he had been in many times before, Dudley quietly climbed out of Kurt's pocket, crawled down his shirt and pantleg, scurried across the floor, and climbed into Mr. Walters's chair.



"You again!" Mr. Walters said, disgustedly, as he walked in and began to sit down.

"WAIT!" shouted Kurt, but before he could stop him, Mr. Walters sat down.

"YEOW!" screamed the principal, as he pulled off Dudley and dropped the dinosaur on the desk.

"Kurt, you'll be here again during recess. Now get back to your room," ordered the principal.

Quickly, Kurt grabbed Dudley and put him back into his pocket.





Since the rest of Kurt's class was already in line for lunch, Kurt quietly slipped in between two boys, hoping to escape any glances from his teacher.

**"Hey! Where'd you get the dinosaur?"
Asked one of the boys who saw Dudley
poking his head out of Kurt's pocket.**

"Made him in art class," answered Kurt with a smile.

"Oh, brother," sighed Kurt, "pork patties, clay potatoes, and yucky peas for lunch."

The other boys at the table shook their heads in agreement.

The tall pile of mashed potatoes, however, made a wonderful mountain for sliding for Dudley, while the peas made great balls for playing soccer.





**Dudley kicked a pea high over the mashed potatoes,
down and around the pork patty, and up the fork.**

**“Goal!” shouted the boys viewing
the game from the sidelines.**

"At least this meal was good for something today,"
thought Kurt, as he brought his tray to the lunch lady.





Without paying attention, Mrs. Chub took the tray and began to scrape off the leftovers, when all of a sudden she saw the dinosaur sitting on the plate, with peas stuck on his three horns.



Letting out a blood-curdling scream, Mrs. Chub fainted on the floor, and everyone crowded around to see what had happened. Everyone, except Kurt, who once again had to rescue Dudley from still another close call.

"I don't think I can take much more of this!" exclaimed Kurt. "I've been in more trouble today than in all my days in this school."

Lowering his head, Dudley knew that he had caused all of Kurt's problems.

A small tear began to trickle down the dinosaur's cheek.





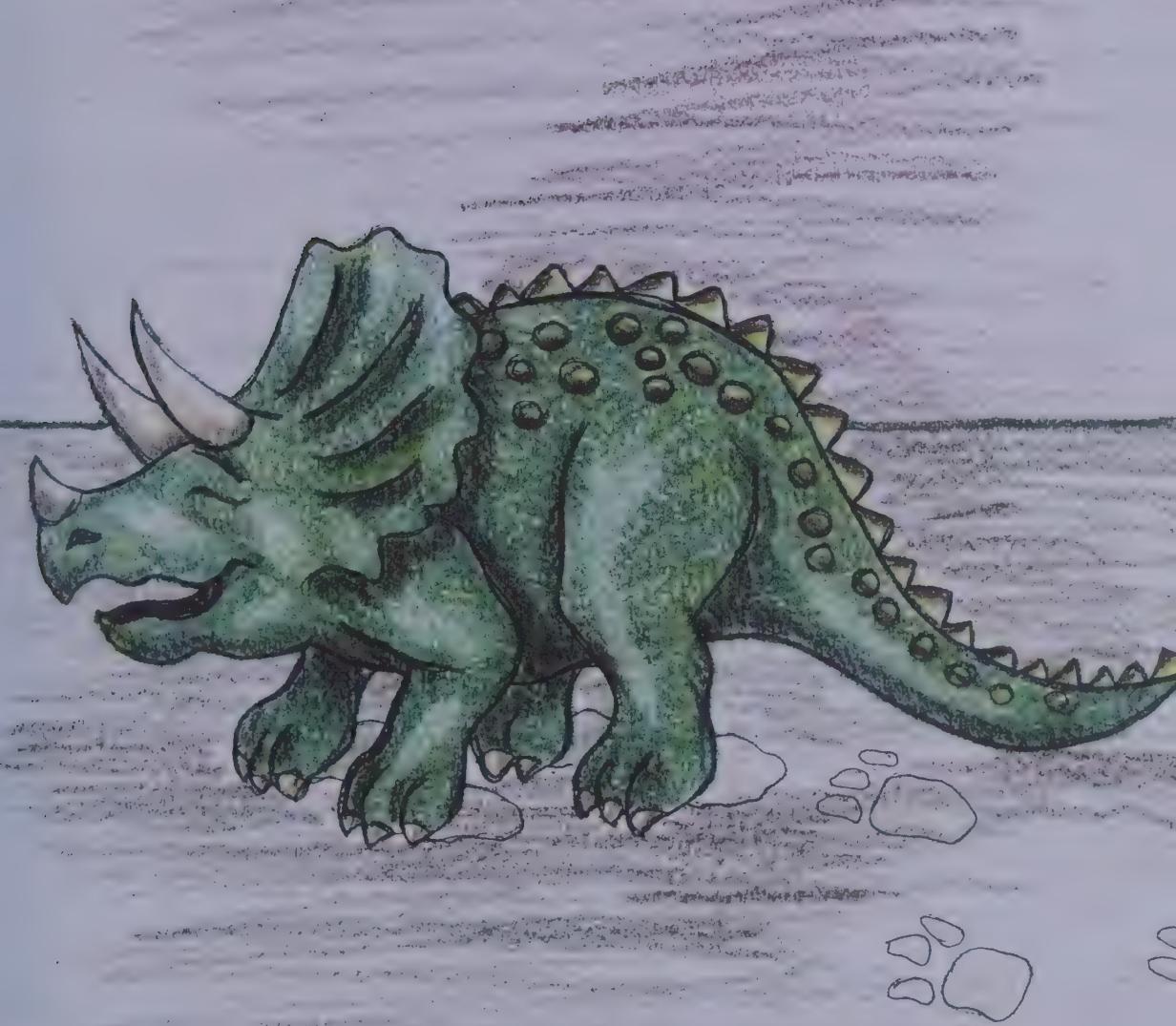
“Please don’t cry, Dudley, I guess you’re just like me—doing things without thinking. Maybe we both better try harder not to get into so much trouble,” said Kurt, while trying to comfort his dinosaur.

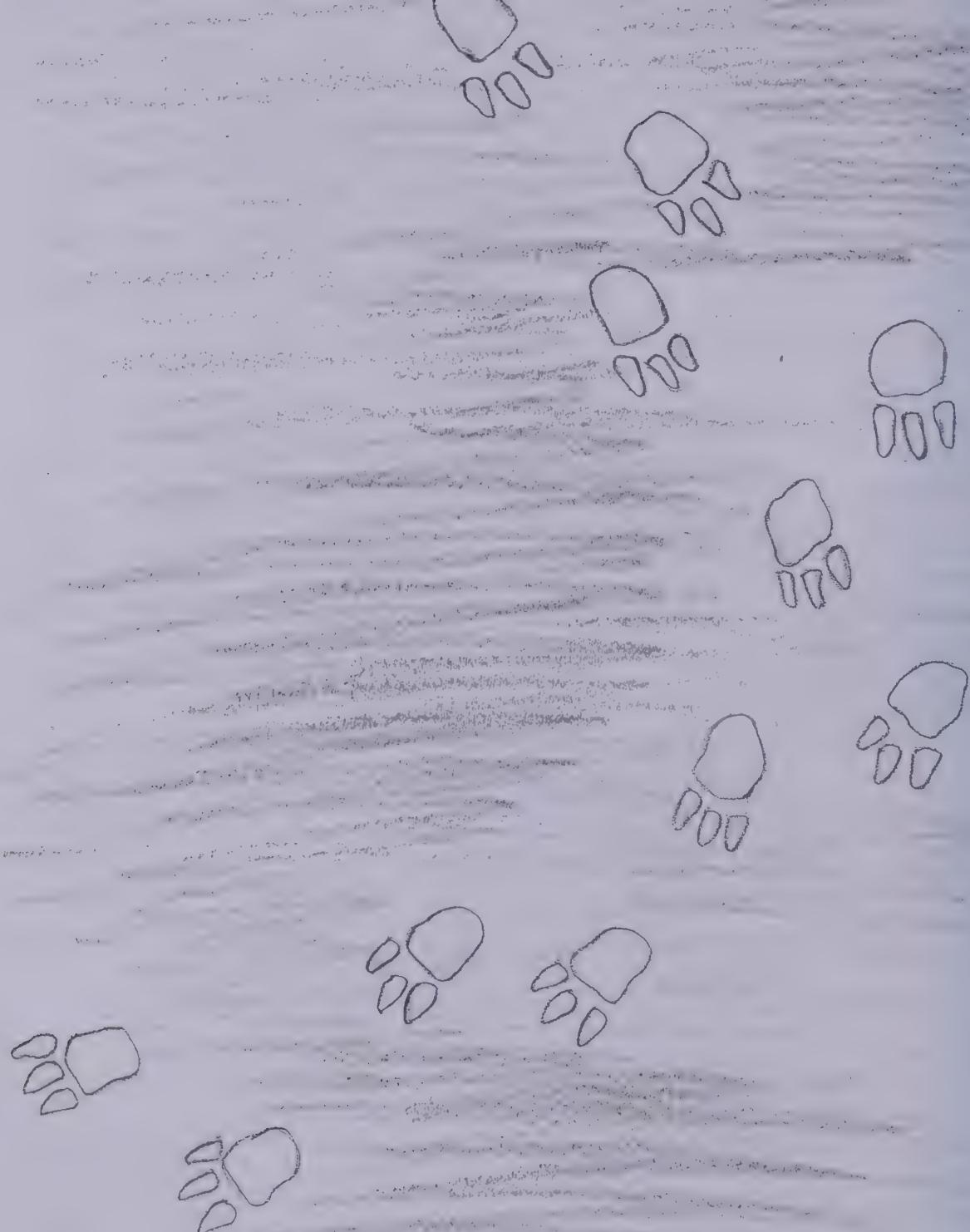
Gently picking up Dudley, Kurt softly kissed the top of his head and tickled him under his chin. “I think I’d better put you back in my pocket to keep you safe,” whispered Kurt.

**"Kurt! Pay attention," stated Mrs. McEnry
as she shook Kurt by his shoulders.**

"Are you daydreaming again?"

**Rubbing his eyes, Kurt realized he was
still in his art class and that none of these
things had probably happened. That is, until
he saw the twinkle in Dudley's eye and the
mashed potato tracks on his desk.**





About the Illustrator

Mary Elizabeth Silva is the illustrator for *The Pet in My Pocket*. Born and raised in Ludlow, Massachusetts, she resides there with her husband and son. Mary Beth, as she is known to her friends and family, has been an artist all her life. She graduated from Rhode Island School of Design (R.I.S.D.) with a BFA in illustration. She met Anne Marie while working the Ludlow School System. They collaborated on various projects together. One of the collaboration was at East Street School, transforming the library and cafeteria into an African jungle scene for literacy night. When Anne Marie proposed to have her illustrate the book about a clay dinosaur that comes to life, Mary Beth jumped on it. Besides cats, Mary Beth loves dinosaurs.

About the Author

Anne Marie Kiel is the writer for *The Pet in My Pocket*. Born and raised in Ludlow, Massachusetts, she and her husband Wally raised two sons. She graduated from Westfield State University and started her teaching career at St. Anne's Elementary School in Three Rivers, Massachusetts. It was there she met a student who was anxious to tell her everything he learned about dinosaurs. Always an artistic and crafty woman, she incorporated this love for dinosaurs into her lesson plans and classroom decorations. This was the inspiration for her book. She left her teaching position to raise her family, and returned to the Ludlow School System, working in the library and as a paraprofessional. Before she left her position at the Veteran's Park Elementary School, she had the classes write letters to thirty-six authors of children's books, sending a square of fabric to be signed. The squares were illustrated, and Anne Marie sewed a quilt, which still hangs in the school library, a reminder of the joy of reading for all the students.

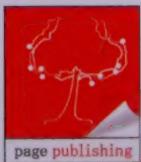


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The adventures of Kurt, a third grade boy, and his clay dinosaur, Dudley. When Dudley comes alive, is he real, or is this only one of Kurt's daydreams?



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